

Ukrainian Catholic Youth Organization

ЮНАЦТВО



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Травень - 1950 - May

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**This Year's
U. C. Y. LEADERSHIP COURSES
in Edmonton**

will be held from July 9th to August 13th.

PLAN NOW TO ATTEND !

Programme of Alberta U. C. Y. Convention

Saturday and Sunday, May 20 - 21, 1950

Convention takes place at the Ukrainian National Home
9620 - 109th Avenue, Edmonton, Alberta.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON —

2:00 - 3:00 — REGISTRATIONS.
3:00 - 6:00 — BUSINESS DISCUSSION.
8:30-12:00 — SOCIAL EVENING.
DANCE — DRAW.

SUNDAY MORNING — Mass.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON —

2:00 - 3:00 — GUEST SPEAKERS.
3:00 - 5:00 — FINAL RESOLUTIONS.

CLOSING OF CONVENTION



Ukrainian Catholic Youth Organization

*Donated by Mr. Martin Damiak
R.R. 2 Holden, Alberta 1964*

ЮНАЦТВО YOUTH

Рік VI. Число 5.

Едмонтон, Алберта.

Травень, 1950.

ВКРАЇНСЬКОГО КРАЮ

Вкраїнського краю, Крале і Мати
Покрове сильний України,,
Не дай в неволі нам загинати
Дай нам дожити свободи днів.

Пречисте ім'я Твоє, Маріє,
Вязане з нашим гірким життям,
Його у серці кожний леліє,
Як слово "воля" вязень з тюрми.

Травень — Місяць Марії

Скоро прийшов час весни. А з весною і місяць травень. Це найкращий місяць в році. Ціла природа вбралася у святочну одіж. Цвіті, зелені дерева й трави прикрасили Божий світ, а по лісах і садах загомоніли милозвучні хори пташок. Кожний в душі відчуває піднесення, всюди можна побачити радість, спокій. І питаємо, що за причина цієї радості?

Відповідь ясна. І небо і земля знають причину цієї радості. Ангели й люди співають веселі пісні, вітають Божу Матір у місяці травні. Божий місяць Марії!... Де тільки бється шире католицьке серце, там по всіх церквах і капличках, перед фігурами й образами Марії несеться ширий, благальний гомін молитви до Пречистої.

І наш український нарід у травні заносить ширі молитви до Цариці неба й землі. Від самих початків, коли прийнялося християнство на Україні, наш нарід широко почитав Пресвяту Богородицю. Св. Володимир збудував багато величавих церков на її честь, Ярослав Мудрий посвятив цілу Україну під покров Божої Матери, її слава лунала від далекого Сходу аж до Заходу. Гошів, Зарваниці та інші відпустові місця продовж цілих віків були свідками слави Пречистої. А сьогодні?

Наш нарід на рідних землях тяжко терпить. Церкви Богородиці знищені, Чудотворні Ікони спалені, і пісні на її честь устали. Жорстокий ворог поневолив наш край, видер нашому народові все. Та не зумів ви-

дерти тої широї побожності, що її плекає кожне українське серце. Сильна віра й надія на поміч Божої Матері нераз вратували наш край. І сьогодні ці великі скарби є в наших руках. Якраз вони є запорукою, що вже не довго будемо терпіти.

Зо смутком і прибиттям будуть витати наші брати цей травень. Та їхня щира молитва надає їм надії на кращу будучність. Долучім і ми свої молитви у цьому місяці до молитов наших героїв. Почитаймо на вільній канадійській землі Божу Матір щирим серцем і кличмо: "Рятуй, о Божа Мати, наш рідний край; рятуй наш нарід. Зішли нам кращу долю, і дай дожити мирних часів. Кріпи наших братів у неволі, щоб вони стояли вірно при Церкві; щоб Україна знову стала вільна і почитала Свою Покровительку. Нене наша, покрий нас всіх своїм святим Омофором!..."

Привіт Тобі, Кохана Нене!

Привіт Тобі, кохана Нене,
У цей Великий День,
Прийми вінок бажань від мене
І китичку пісень.....

З ПОКЛОНОМ І ВДЯКОЮ ПРИХОДИМО СЬОГОДНІ

Кожна добра дитина відчуває у своєму серці велику вдячність зглядом найдорожчої і найбільш щирої на землі Особи — Матері. Нема кращої і тіснішої любови понад любов матері до своїх дітей. Нема більшої посвяти й жертви від тих жертв, що їх приносить для своєї родини кожна добра мама. Багато журб і сліз. праця, здоровля, життя і весь дорібок, це любов материнського серця, що не жалує нічого для своїх дітей. Це тихе героїство, що про нього невдячні діти так часто забувають.

У другу неділю цього красного місяця травня святкуватимемо День Матері. Це день призначений на те, щоб ми в особливіший спосіб okazали свою любов і вдячність зглядом нашої найбільшої Добродійки.

Пригадаймо собі всі добродійства, що їх ми зазнали від нашої дорогої мами: вона нас вигодувала, вона нас навчила молитися, мама своїм серцем і ділами вказала нам шлях жертви й любови; задля нас вона не досипляла ночі, трудилася, гарувала; вона бажала прихилити нам небо; мама вляла нам до серця святу любов до всього доброго. Може задля нас вона скоренько відійшла з цього світа. А чого наша мама жадає від нас?

Наше серце каже нам, що ми повинні відплатитися мамі любов'ю за любов, жертвою за жертву. Якраз у День Матері маємо нагоду висловити свої почуття любови й вдячності. У цю неділю вислухаймо Службу й приймим св. Причастя, щоб Бог благословив наших Мамів. Крім концертів, крім цвітів і дарунків, зложім їм подяку за вчинені нам добродійства; шануймо наших Мамів і стараймося відплатитися їм добром за добро. Це їм слушно належиться. Бо завжди будемо мати в них незаплатений довг вдячності за їхню жертвенну працю і посвяту для нас. Будьмо добрими дітьми, а цим зробимо нашим добрим Мамам найбільшу приємність. Нехай цей цілий місяць травень буде для нас Днем Матері, нехай наша любов і вдячність зглядом нашої Мами триває на завжди.

Жертвуймо у цьому місяці всі свої молитви за нашу дорогу Маму;

щодня рано й ввечері моли́м нашу Небесну Неньку, щоб благослови́ла наших українських Мамів; щоб і нам випроси́ла багато ласк, щоб ми були добрими дітьми і приноси́ли їй велику радість.

Ми вибрані сини й доньки українського народу, що належимо до Українського Католицького Юнацтва, кличимо сьогодні: "ПОКЛІН І ВДЯКА ТОБІ, НАША УКРАЇНСЬКА НЕНЕ! КЛОНИМО СВОЇ ГОЛОВИ ПЕРЕД ТОБОЮ І ЖЕЛАЄМО ТОБІ КРИМ ЗДОРОВЛЯ І РАДОСТИ ДОВГОГО ВІКУ ЩЕ БАГАТО ІНШИХ ЛАСК ВІД БОЖОЇ МАТЕРІ, ЩО ІХ ТИ САМА СОБІ БАЖАЄШ.!"

Що діється в наших відділах?

Щоб наш журнал "Юнацтво", що є органом У. К. Ю., був цікавий, живий і загальний, щоб обнимав життя і працю нашої молоді в цілій Канаді, то треба його таким зробити. Треба інтересних дописей зо всіх відділів, з кожної провінції в Канаді, а тоді "Юнацтво" буде обнимати ширші круги й буде мати загальний характер. Ваш відділ У.К.Ю. працює гарно й успішно. Вашою працею тішаться ваші батьки й гордяться Вами о. Парох, а більше ніхто про те не знає. Редактор "Юнацтва" дуже хотівби помістити в "Юнацтві" допись про вашу працю. І другі відділи в Канаді хочуть від Вас взяти собі приклад, але не мають нагоди за Вас довідатись. Ви чомусь не хочете написати про себе, або вибрали такого дописувача, що не сповняє свого обов'язку. Намахайте йому пальцем, або стукніть до нього ногою, бо дуже гарні й будуючі діла без сліду й згадки пропадають.

Пишіть, що діється у вашім відділі. Даймо про себе чути в цілій Канаді.

Що й як писати? Ось деякі практичні вказівки: 1.) Можна писати короткі статті на різні виховні теми релігійного, організаційного чи інформаційного характеру.

2.) Допісі про діяльність відділу:

- а) що зробили до тепер?
- б) що тепер робимо?
- в) що плануємо робити?

3.) Хто одружився, хто заручився, хто помер.

4.) Хто приїхав, хто відїхав, хто задумує відїздити — Звідки? Кудя? Чому?

5.) Вразіння подорожі; відвідин другого відділу У.К.Ю. і т. п.

Такі й тому подібні речі можна писати по українськи, або навіть по англійськи. Між нашою молоддю є багато дуже здібних до писання, але треба відважитись.

Наберім відваги й пишім до "Юнацтва". Це наш журнал і ми оживім його своїми поглядами, плянами, працею і різними цікавими вістями та знімками своїх відділів, хорів, поодиноких членів і цікавих подій, що зображають У. К. Ю. при праці.

До всіх Зарядів і Членів УКЮ в Канаді моє сердечне прохання

ПОЧАТЕ ДІЛО, СКІНЧИМ УСПІШНО!

Кожний і кожна, що відчуваєсь правдивим українцем католиком тішитись великим поступом У. К. Ю. в Канаді. Не тільки тішитись, але попросту журиться, як можна б ще краще організувати всю нашу молодь в У. К. Ю., щоб тішитись і подивляти ще більші успіхи. Від кого це найбільше залежить? Від кожного члена У. К. Ю. з особна, бо коли кожний член хлопець, чи дівчина виконує свою частину по можності найкраще, то хто може сумніватись про успіхи такої організації?

Маємо свій орган "Юнацтво" без якого очевидно організація, яка хоче існувати обійтись не може. Хто має його піддержати? Чи один відділ, чи одна провінція, чи всі відділи в цілій Канаді? Немає сумніву, що коли це доміняльний орган У. К. Ю., то піддержати мусять всі члени, всіх відділів в цілій Канаді. Якби так сталось, то небуло б жадних трудностей, "Юнацтво" можна б було побільшити, зробити його живішим, цікавішим, більш загальним і переповненим звітами з діяльностей УКЮ з цілої Канади й прикрашеним різними знімками. Тоді "Юнацтво" напевно було б в кожній українській католицькій хаті. Хто може це зробити? Ми! члени У. К. Ю. Чи тяжко це зробити? Зовсім ні, але треба найперше зрозуміти, а потім треба хотіти.

Тепер якраз У. К. Ю. улаштовує розіграшку з доходом на виплачення довгу "Юнацтва". Тикети дістали всі передплатники й відділи У. К. Ю. Що ми дотепер зробили, щоб з того був успіх, заохота й дальше продовжувалось добре діло? Чи подумали бодай, що це наша справа й на першій місці треба її на сто процент піддержати?

Дорога молоде У. К. Ю.! Почате діло — скінчим успішно.

Я сильно вірю і покладаю великі надії на українську католицьку молодь, що вже працює в рядах У. К. Ю. І тому особисто відзиваюсь і закликаю та сердечно прошу всі заряди й всіх членів У. К. Ю. в цілій Канаді цих кілька легких речей виконати:

- (1). Передплатити, або відновити орган У. К. Ю. "Юнацтво."
- (2). Приєднати бодай одного передплатника для "Юнацтва."
- (3). Розпродати бодай одну книжечку тикетів. (Хто не одержав, то нехай напише, щоб прислали).

На перший погляд виглядає трудно. Дехто трохи встидливий, або боязливий, що не має досить відваги з такою справою приступити до другого. І на то маю готову пораду. Такий нехай сам передплатить "Юнацтво" для себе й ще комусь з своїх кривних, або приятелів і нехай сам закупить бодай одну книжечку тикетів. Цілий бізнес буде його коштувати раптом три долари й без клопоту сповнить свій обов'язок.

Хто однак має відвагу, то нехай переконає других, щоб передплатили "Юнацтво" і нехай книжечку розпродасть другим різних народностей. А крім того може придержатись і першої рецепти, то зробить ще краще діло.

Справа дуже легка, але одного потрібно, щоб вся наша молодь цей легонький плян виконала.

Тому поздоровляючи всі заряди й членів У. К. Ю. в Канаді кличу:
Почате діло, скінчим успішно!

о. С. Курило, ЧСВВ., Провідник У. К. Ю. в Алберті.

GOING MY WAY? by Brother S. Methodius, F.S.C.

A PEOPLE OF VULGAR TASTE

Quite recently I read an article in one of the daily papers that struck me as having a lot of common sense. It is rarely that one finds such an article in a daily newspaper. Here it is:

"Man, who has been given the distinction of walking upright, and a brain with the ability to reason, seems to prefer crawling on his belly in the dirt with the animals.

"The two greatest obsessions of the man today seem to be his preoccupation with sex and satisfying his hunger with liquor. Since neither of these occupations require any brain, it would seem to be a superfluous adjunct to many men."

"Some of our modern writers who are admittedly using their brains, are also prostituting a fine talent, to cater to the tastes of people of doubtful intelligence who have never grown up from the dirty little boy stage of pre-adolescence. These are the people who grab every gaudy new book that is published in the greedy hope that they may see the hackneyed subject of sex presented in a yet more daring and titillating aspect. Since our public mails could scarcely carry any more blatant obscenity than it already has in some of our best sellers, their hopes are doomed to disappointment in the near future.

"Whether the public has spoiled the writers or the writers the public, is like the chicken and the egg, a debatable subject. Certainly the author of modern fiction must have one eye on the money-bags as he writes, and his ear tuned to the applause of the public, which would indicate that we have become a people of vulgar taste, and mediocre intelligence.

Some of the classics by French writers have plenty of sex too, but they were writing of a decadent middle Europe and presented a picture of the life as it was lived there. But why should Canadian writers ape their styles or crave their sophistication when writing in Canada, a young and virile country? Youth needs no spur to its desire. Leave the aphrodisiacs of life to the old and jaded, and write of Canada as it is — young and clean and vigorous."

K. B. H.

TWO-TIMING PAFNOOTZEY

Pafnootzey, you're just an old heart-breaker. Before going home for Easter you had your last date with sad Edmonton - Saskatoon - Winnipeg, etc. Hanytza. How she sobbed when you said you were going

home on vacation. But you would be faithful. "No other girrrl any place, nossir, not even in my home town, village or farm will take your place, Hanytza. Of course, if you want to date while I'm gone, that's up to you, and you can tell me when I get back after Easter." You added a whole lot of similar drivel.

Then, after ten rip-snorting, dizzy days at home, you took leave of your home town, village or farm Oksana at the bus depot or railway station. "Don't be blue, Oksana, there's just a few more weeks of school and then we'll be together all summer. I'll be thinking of you all day long and far into the night while at school or University. I always tell the fellows what a good girl you are. Those dames out in Edmonton - Saskatoon - Winnipeg, etc. don't mean a thing to me." You kissed beaming Oksana, ran after the train or bus and hopped on.

Sad Edmonton - Saskatoon - Winnipeg, etc.
Hanytza

You know, Pafnootzey, it isn't right for you to be dashing around winning every girl's affections like that. Take Hanytza. She's got a future to think of probably right in her neighborhood. You drop around to Edmonton - Saskatoon - Winnipeg, etc. for an education and think a practical course in love-making is part of the liberal arts. You think she's a nice kid, real sweet. A home-cooked meal once in a while. Hanytza's parents are pretty decent when you come around. Nice free meals, pleasant company, maybe even the free use of their car. It's a swell set-up. Soft, inexpensive for you.

You ought to know, Pafnootzey, that's costing Hanytza plenty, maybe her "chances" for life. Perhaps just on account of you, Hanytza will be "on the shelf" in a couple of years. You're pretty selfish stringing a good girl like Hanytza along. You'll clear out of Edmonton - Saskatoon - Winnipeg, etc. and won't give her a thought in the midst of your work and pleasures (with Oksana) in your home town, village or farm. But Hanytza will be "stuck."

Home Town, Village or Farm Oksana

Or, who knows? Maybe the story's the other way around. You're on the level with Edmonton - Saskatoon - Winnipeg, etc. Hanytza, but you're practically engaged to Oksana back in home town, village or farm. You've known her and her folks for years. She's a real sort, cooks nice, dances; real "fetchy." You keep writing her week after week. There must be no let-down in love —

like the show — it must go on. Her letters amuse you. She's really thinking of you; waiting. Meantime you've got in with somebody else who has it all over Oksana. Poor Oksana! She's really antiquated and besides her folks give you the itch, and they know you too well. Still you keep writing those gallant letters about the sweetest little thing God ever made.

Then you graduate, settle down on a farm, village, town or city, get "hitched" and that's the end of Oksana. Because of you, two-timing Pafnootzey, there's much sadness for poor Oksana in a town, village or farm.

Play Square

If you like a girl and she likes you and you both want to date, that's a fine thing.

God expects it and blesses you. But never kid a girl along. Human personality is too deep and sacred to fool around with and cheapen. Life means too much. Don't raise her hopes for a happy marriage, then leave her flat when you roll up your diploma. That's no credit to any school or university; to any Catholic man. Play square! If all you want is a date now and then, say so — by all means say so if you discover she's serious and you have no mind to reciprocate. When you waste her time at this stage, you waste her life. Marriage, that is, happy Christian marriage, doesn't give her the call every day. Some day, a long time from now, you will find that because you were selfish about dates, you caused a major tragedy.

You and Your Personality

By Father Victor

Knowledge of Temperaments Very Important

It may be difficult in many cases to decide upon the temperament of any particular person; still we should not permit ourselves to be discouraged in the attempt to understand our own temperament and that of those persons with whom we live or with whom we come often into contact, for the advantages of such insight are very great. To know the temperaments of our fellow men helps us to understand them better, treat them more correctly, bear with them more patiently. These are evidently advantages for social life which can hardly be sufficiently appreciated.

The Art of Gaining People to Your Side

Not only parents, teachers, politicians and other public leaders, but everyone of us is confronted with problems of gaining the hearts of our fellow men in our everyday life. No doubt the knowledge of temperaments is the main factor in getting along with people the right way, and gaining them to your side.

Four Different Classes of People

The choleric person is won by quiet explanation of reasons and motives; whereas by harsh commands he is embittered, hardened, driven to strong-headed resistance. A melancholic person is made suspicious and reticent by a rude word or an unfriendly mien; by continuous kind treatment, on the contrary, he is made pliable, trusting, affectionate. The choleric person can be relied upon, but with a sanguine person we can hardly count even upon his apparently serious promises. Without a knowledge of the temperaments of our fellow men we will

treat them often wrongly, to their and to our own disadvantage.

With a knowledge of the temperaments, one bears with fellow men more patiently. If he knows that their defects are the consequences of their temperament, he excuses them more readily and will not so easily be excited or angered by them. He remains quiet, for instance, even if a choleric is severe, sharp-edged, impetuous, or obstinate. And if a melancholic person is slow, hesitating, undecided; if he does not speak much and even if he says awkwardly the little he has to say; or if a sanguine person is very talkative, light-minded and frivolous; if a phlegmatic cannot be aroused from his usual indifference, he does not become irritated.

Start From Yourself

It is of the greatest benefit furthermore to recognize fully one's own temperament. Only if one knows it, can he judge correctly himself, his moods, his peculiarities, his past life. An elderly gentleman, of wide experience in the spiritual life, who happened to read the following treatise on temperaments said: "I have never learned to know myself so well, as I find myself depicted in these lines, because nobody dared to tell me the truth so plainly as these lines have done."

If one knows one's own temperament, he can work out his own perfection with greater assurance, because finally the whole effort toward self-perfection consists in the perfection of the good and in the combating of evil dispositions. Thus the choleric will have to conquer, in the first place, his obstinacy, his anger, his pride; the melancholic, his lack of courage and his dread of suffer-

ing; the sanguine, his talkativeness, his inconsistency; the phlegmatic, his sloth, his lack of energy. The person who knows himself will become more humble, realizing that many good traits which he considered to be virtues are merely good dispositions and the natural result of his temperament, rather than acquired virtues. Consequently the choleric will judge more humbly of his strong will, his energy, and his fearlessness; the sanguine of his cheerfulness, of his facility to get along well with difficult persons; the melancholic will judge more humbly about his sympathy for others, about his love for solitude and prayer; the phlegmatic about his good nature and his repose of mind.

We Are Born Just So

The temperament is innate in each person, therefore it cannot be exchanged for another temperament. But man can and must cultivate and perfect the good elements of his temperament and combat and eradicate the evil ones. Every temperament is in itself good and with each one man can do good and work out his salvation. It is, therefore, imprudent and ungrateful to wish to have another temperament.

All of man's inclinations and peculiarities should be used for the service of the Lord and contribute to His honor and to man's welfare. Persons of various temperaments who live together should learn not to oppose but to support and supplement one another.



СТУДЕНТИ ДЕВЯТОЇ КЛАСИ КОЛЕГІЇ СВ. ІОСИФА

Знімка представляє Преп. Брата Методія, ЧБХШ., в оточенні його студентів з дев'ятої класи. Через старання Брата Методія 83 процент цих студентів стали передплатниками Юнацтва. Імена студентів: О. Борух, О. Дудяк, С. Кіш, Г. Кондра, М. Ковальчук, Л. Лукий, Р. Михалишин, Е. Прозник, М. Шкільник, Н. Сливка, В. Товстого, Е. Волошин, О. Яворський.

Завдяки праці Брата Методія, в колегії св. Йосифа є тепер 102 передплатників Юнацтва. Справді гідний приклад до наслідування для всіх, що займаються вихованням молоді.

Missionary Sisters Plan for the Future



HAVE YOU HEARD OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF CHRISTIAN CHARITY?

They are girls who were happy, generous-hearted individuals, having a grand time out of life, but who wanted something more! Girls, who knew it was finer to **give** than to **get**; better to **DO** than to **DREAM**; girls who wanted to do something, be somebody — career girls for God! Then — as Christ spent His life on earth “going about doing good,” so they decided to do the same. So then entered the Congregation of the Missionary Sisters of Christian Charity, and they are very happy there.

Do you know the secret of the happiness of the Missionary Sisters of Christian Charity? It is the spirit of love and sacrifice. There is something heroic about giving one's whole life to God; of spending it always for others without counting the cost. And there is a deep soul-satisfaction in such heroism. **NOT** for a Missionary Sister of Christian Charity is there any feeling of frustration, of usefulness, of boredom, or of leading a life without aim or purpose! **SHE KNOWS** where she is going — at all times! Hence, she is happy, at peace with herself and with others. The broad easy paths of pleasure do not attract her. She has found Him Whom her soul loveth. She is happy for to her applies the divine promise: “Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven; Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God.” “Everyone that hath left house or parents for the Kingdom of God's sake and for the Gospel, shall receive an hundredfold and shall possess life everlasting.”

KNOW WHAT? Sometimes a girl thinks: “I'd love to be a Sister, but I don't know if I'm supposed to be.” She is supposed to be if that is what she really and truly chooses to be. But her choice must be based on a sincere love of God and a real desire

to WORK for Him. Being a Sister is no easy-chair job; it means work. But it also means peace, joy, contentment.

Would you like to get acquainted with the Missionary Sisters of Christian Charity? Live in the same house with them, laugh with them, work with them, pray with them, serve with them, and share their happiness? Just to see if you like it? Alright! Fill out the Quiz (honestly!) and mail to the Sisters.

QUIZ

NAME

ADDRESS

Can you say YES?

1. Are you at least 18 years of age and not older than 35 years?.....
2. Are you a Ukrainian Catholic girl?.....
3. Have you good health?.....
4. Have you completed High School?..... In what grade are you now?.....
5. Are you of average intelligence?.....
6. Do you fully realize that a vocation is a special grace given by God inviting (but not forcing) you to make a free choice of dedicating yourself to His service, to teach, nurse, or serve others in the wide field of charitable and social work?.....
7. Do you appreciate the sacrifice asked by God when He said: "Leave you father, mother, and friends take up your cross, and come follow Me?".....

SEND TO:

MOTHER SUPERIOR,
Missionary Sisters of Christian Charity,
Box 180, Grimsby, Ontario, Canada.

GLEANER'S GLOSS

By Father Jo

A certain priest called a Brother to his side, and said: "Come, we are going to give a sermon." They left the monastery gardens, walked through the little town nearby, and soon returned. "But what about the sermon?" exclaimed the Brother. "All we did was walk through the village and back." "My son," answered the priest, "our very act of walking, our bearing, the custody we held over our eyes, the charity we practised towards our neighbors, the tone of our greetings to the people; that was our sermon."

So what? You'll understand in a moment or two if you can only be patient with me. The whole reason for the above and for what is to follow is just this: I want every second girl reading this column to become a nun. And don't forget to count the other girl one, yourself as two. Now that you've got your breath back and realize that I am writing just to you, we can go on.

I suppose a few of us go to the movies. If so we've seen "The Bells of St. Mary's," "Going My Way," and other fine pictures of this type. It was perhaps at these that

you first learned that a nun can drive a car, swing a baseball bat, or handle boxing gloves. Or scanning the newspapers some of us may be surprised to see that a Sister has acquired a pilot's license; you see she teaches Aeronautics at College. In the Scientific Journals you may find notice of Sisters making new discoveries in the fields of Chemistry or Physics. The Missionary magazines write of Sisters with medical degrees. As for myself, I was shocked to find Sisters winning Doctor's degrees in Philosophy and Theology. But I got over it.

The point is this. Much wonderful material has been written about Sisters and vocations. But why not let them tell the story. Just for once? Let them preach their own sermon. When as above, we go to the movies, and read, and see these fine things about Sisters surely we are impressed, or at least we have a new and better idea about them. Why not let them tell their sermon? How do Sisters react to people and in various situations? How do we react to them?

Let us then place a given number of

Sisters into our vocational test tube and stir up a series of chain-reactions with the magic rod of anecdote. Let us "light our lamps." Yes it is a powerful prescription (but the Sisters can take it). One dose, and who knows but some may dare to follow in their footsteps.

The following little stories about Sisters are a few of thousands that could be found. They are used not because they bear more merit than others, but because they are all that could be remembered, read, overheard, or stolen in the last few weeks. Most of them are true. Perhaps some miss the point altogether — like the first one, but at least it tells you that Sisters are different.

The little boy kept walking round and round the Sister.

"Why are you walking around me like that?" she asked.

"Oh, I just want to see if you have any feet."

Jo Ann was a very active pre-school child. She never had time to close doors, no time to say "Please" or "Thank you," no time to walk through the house; she had to run.

Then she started to school. Almost overnight she changed, saying "Thank you" and "Please," closing doors after her.

The change was so noticeable that Jo Ann's mother asked her: "Does Sister teach you politeness?"

Jo Ann answered: "No, mother."

A pause. "Jo Ann, doesn't Sister ever tell you how to be polite?"

"No, mother. She just walks around and we feel polite."

On Friday the Sister cook of the Little Sisters of the Poor, had no fish for dinner. With great devotion she prayed to St. Joseph for help. At 11:30 a.m. she answered a pounding on the door.

"Here's your fish, Sister. Sorry to be late. Just put it into the oven. It will be fine by 12 o'clock."

At 12:30, the fish eaten and thanks given to St. Joseph, the Sister answered a more insistent pounding on the door.

"Sister, where's that fish? It belongs to De Paul University."

In Nantes bombs fell upon the hospital. In a few seconds nothing was left but destruction. Rescuers immediately came upon the scene. From the rubble emerged a white hand, delicate fingers clutching the beads of a rosary. It was a Sister of the hospital.

She said: "Save the others first."

Under the debris she went on saying her Hail Marys.

It was an old priest, and like many others he had learned to drive late in life. On the way to the hospital where he was taking

two Sisters from the station, he expertly managed to turn the car upside down on an open road. The old man was thrown clear of the car, and rose to look disconsolately at the vehicle which was left intact.

A truck drew up over the hill and pulled to a stop. The driver leaped out and yelled: "What the hell happened?"

The venerable Father raised a warning finger: "Sh-sh-sh," he exclaimed, "there are ladies underneath."

A few years ago when Father Romanovich was first organizing his Missionary Sisters of Christian Charity, and as yet there were no Sisters, he asked me to reply to a young lady who had written in for information. With some misgivings I wrote of the purpose of the new congregation, of its ideals, of the duties involved, above all that a Sister gives up the world to serve Christ in a very special way. When some time later a reply came to my letter, I was a little disconcerted to note that the letter started out with — Dear Sister Superior:

P.S. She is now a Missionary Sister.

The fashionable young lady watched the Sister at work in the Leper Hospital. With great patience and charity she bathed the unclerous wounds and bound them with fresh bandages. Said the young lady: "I wouldn't do that for a million dollars."

To which the Sister answered simply: "Neither would I."

Two Sisters were travelling in an aeroplane when fire broke out in one of the motors. When it was discovered there was much alarm and confusion, but finally the fire was put out.

The two Sisters who were seated behind the engines said: "We saw the fire a long time ago."

"Well, why didn't you say something?" asked the officer in charge.

"Oh," replied the Sisters, "we didn't want you to think that we were back seat drivers."

A small boy selling crabs on a city corner, was making a terrific racket. "Fresh crabs! Fresh crabs!" he shouted.

Two Sisters who came upon the scene seemed interested.

"Don't buy none, Sisters," said the boy, "they're three days old."

Then he turned around and continued lustily: "Fresh crabs! Fresh crabs!"

In some cities members of religious orders are not required to pay car fare. A Sister accustomed to this procedure happened to leave for a summer school course in another city where there was no such privilege.

On arriving she boarded a bus, smiled at

the driver and sat down.

The conscientious driver turned around and asked: "You haven't forgotten me, have you?"

The Sister looked at him thoughtfully for a moment, then said: "Well, you do look familiar."

* * *

A boat on the route to Wuchow was attacked by pirates who looted the passengers of all they possessed. There were two Chinese Sisters aboard. One was tiny, but dynamite. She placed herself before the pirate chief, and in a rapid flurry of Chinese demanded that he return the stolen goods. At first he balked at the idea, but the insistent and commandeering attitude of the Sister made him give in. Sheepishly he returned the greater part of the loot. Later when they were forced to leave the boat at a landing in wild country, she exclaimed: "We cannot walk through the jungle without shoes. Give them back their shoes!" They were given back. Then he turned to the Sister and said: "Please go away or soon we will have nothing left."

* * *

Two novices were discussing the new names they would take on their habit day. Said the younger one: "What name are you taking, Sister?"

"Oh, I'm going to take St. Benedict for my patron saint, so I shall be called Sister Benedict."

The little novice sobbed: "Oh, but I've been praying to St. Benedict so long. I wanted to be called Sister Benedict."

To which the other replied relentlessly: "But I've decided on Sister Benedict, and you know I have first choice."

The little novice was all tears: "Please let me have Benedict."

For a moment the other novice considered, then: "Alright, you pray to your St. Benedict, and ask him to dry my wash. If it's dry in two hours, you may have Benedict."

It was a beautiful day; the sun shone brightly, but the little novice went to the chapel and prayed and prayed. The other scrubbed and scrubbed and hung her wash to dry. In two hours it was as dry as a last week's bun.

So the little novice became Sr. Benedict (Sr. Benny to those who know her), and the other became a happy and very good Sister Martha.

* * *

A group of Sisters came from New York to set up a display for the Marian Congress in Ottawa. A Toronto business man — a Presbyterian, was so impressed that he offered the Sisters good salaries if they would leave the convent and dress the windows in his department store every week.

* * *

One of the best ways to get to heaven is to have a Sister pray for you. A certain priest left his religious order and became a Stray Shepherd. A Sister wrote his name upon a piece of paper and placed it under her statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary. There it remained for 20 years. At the end of that time, the priest returned to the church he had forsaken, and made his second first communion.

* * *

A Carmelite Sister was showing a priest through the monastery. She talked of the difficult vigils held, the fasts observed, the long hours of prayer, of the early hours of rising. At the end of the tour she took him to the top of the building where he could see a breath-taking view across the valley. There on the other side could be seen a beautiful home. It was symbolic of nobility, wealth, finery, and all the world could offer.

The priest considered for a moment, and then said: "Sister, if you had a home like that with all the opportunities of wealth, travel, education, and happiness that it could offer, would you have become a Carmelite?"

The Sister replied: "Father, that is my home."

* * *

The Notre Dame choir in Ottawa was to sing on a radio broadcast. Petrillo said that the American Federation of Musicians had ruled that the choir could not go on the air unless the accompanist was a union member. Whereupon Sister Francis, the accompanist, dug up a card from Local 802, which showed her a member in good standing. The show went on.

* * *

The Father went over to the convent to ask for prayers for the big game that was soon to be played. As he talked of the game, the voice of the Sister behind the grill was modest, simple and humble. To clinch his plea, he tried to explain some of the fine points of the game; how important it was for the school to win, and concluded: "Sister, we've just got to win that game."

From the shadows the Sister replied: "Father, it's in the bag."

* * *

The architect arrived at the convent to show the plans he had drawn for the new school. The Sisters were all at choir in the chapel. Finding that he had no time to wait for the choir to end, he numbered the pages and scattered them over the floor. Later on when asked why he did this, he explained: "The floor of a convent parlor was one place where no piece of paper could escape notice."

* * *

The superintendent of a large University

Hospital after visiting a hospital operated by our Ukrainian Sisters, remarked: "I wish I had one of your Sisters to do nothing else but just walk around my hospital floors."

One third-grader asked another: "What's the difference between a parochial and public school, anyway?"

His classmate spoke up. "Well, it's like this. If you get sore in public school, the teacher says, count to ten, but if you get angry in parochial school Sister tells you to say the Hail Mary."

Did you know toads and lizards love music? In the evenings a certain Sister was accustomed to play the organ for their listening pleasure. Soon a number of toads and lizards would appear in the doorway or the window sill and sit listening to the music. These she called by name and talked to them, little creatures of God, praising the perfections He made in them. If on certain nights some would not appear, she would say: "Where is my beautiful lizard tonight? or where is my little toad with his lovely green coat?" She saw beauty in all the handiwork of God.

There was a critical shortage of flour in the city when two mendicant Sisters went to a baker, and asked him for bread.

"How can I give you bread, when I have no flour," he replied.

The Sisters said: "Pray to St. Joseph and you will get your flour."

The baker retorted: "If I get flour, I'll give you all the bread you want."

Just as the Sisters were about to leave the shop, a boy rushed in with a telegram. It read: RECEIVED UNEXPECTED SHIPMENT OF FLOUR. SENDING YOU CARLOAD TODAY. The telegram was sent from St. Joseph, Mo.

Across the street from the convent novitiate was a boarding home for young ladies which held great attraction for the young men of the locality and district.

It was still early in the evening when all was quiet in the convent dormitory. In a few minutes all would have been in Slumberland when —

Across the street a jalopy pulled up and began an urgent and persistent honking.

One of the novices disturbed by the noise moved restlessly, and as she turned over on the other side, said in a voice loud enough to be heard through the dormitory hall — "Not tonight, buddy!"

The little colored girl was making her first Holy Communion.

When Sister had finished decking her out in white stockings, white dress and white veil, she gave her a mirror to look at herself.

"Mah, mah!" said the little colored girl. "Ah look like a fly in a glass of milk."

Once when attempting to show a bit of magic to a group of Sisters, one was asked, for purposes of misdirection, to point at a certain object.

Noticing that she hesitated, she was told — "It's quite alright, Sister, we know it's not polite to point out, but we'll allow it this time."

So the Sister nodded and pointed with her nose.

One of the hospital's many problems had come up, so the Archbishop printed a batch of circular letters and presented them to the Sister Superior of the hospital.

"Now, Mother," he instructed her, "I want you to send all of these out."

Some months later a somewhat puzzled Archbishop again came to the Superior, and asked: "Whatever became of those letters we mailed out?"

There was a pause, and then a young Sister standing nearby, exclaimed more truthfully than tactfully: "Why, Mother, they're right there in the desk."

The drama festival had been a tremendous success. All the players had worked hard; so had Sister M., probably harder than anyone. Now tired and happy after the show, all rejoiced in coffee, sandwiches and doughnuts. Then a gift of flowers was presented to Sister M. It was a lovely and fitting token of appreciation.

Somewhat taken by surprise, Sister M. rose and thanked all sincerely. Though no one really wanted to hear a speech, the young dramatists began to tease with loud shouts of — "Speech! Speech!"

In a flash Sister replied: "I have the costume, but I haven't the make up."

It was the perfect short speech.

In case any young men have been caught reading these columns so far, they can console themselves with the knowledge that in one penitentiary recently a well known lifer was found deeply absorbed reading "Shall I Become a Nun?"

The following is taken from Father Feehey's admirable biography of Mother Seton. I hope you like it.

"A nun is a little lady all consecrated to God. Laughter comes to her as easily as sunlight. She is most tender in her affections, but chastity gives her a strength that is almost masculine. Perhaps I should better call her "boyish." Indeed, I feel that is her right epithet. She talks easily and freely because the practice of contemplation has taught her what is valuable to speak. She holds more fondness for her parents

in a single thought than all their married daughters do in a thousand. She retains her girlishness longest, and at 40, 50, or even 60, it is hard to guess her age. She wears a dress that clearly distinguishes her from the world, yet has her little precisions as to how it should be arranged in an attractive manner. She feels safest and most at home in the chapel, and will spend hours kneeling there, unmindful of any physical distress, before the Blessed Sacrament. She calls our Lady her "Mother" and our Lord her "Spouse," and she has little secretcies with them that no one dare inquire about or conjecture. She is beautiful in sickness, and capable of bearing pain more silently than any creature of this earth. She is modest and undramatic in her death, asking only to be laid in the graveyard of her community as "one of the sisters," with a tombstone distinguishable only by name from any other. In death she rejoices most in those hours of her life that were lived through pure faith, in which she took Christ's revelation literally, and did not question or doubt. It usually costs no more

than ten or twelve dollars to bury her. And there are no flowers."

* * *

Are there any takers? If so, kindly write to:

SISTER SERVANTS OF MARY IMMACULATE,

Ancaster, Ontario,

or

MISSIONARY SISTERS OF CHRISTIAN CHARITY,

Box 180,

Grimsby, Ontario,

or

BASILIAN SISTERS,

Fox Chase Station,

Philadelphia, Pa., U. S. A.,

or

MISSIONARY SISTERS OF MOTHER OF GOD,

111 W. North St.,

Stamford, Conn., U. S. A.

* * *

In case the whole thing has backfired and gone in reverse, young men write to:

BASILIAN FATHERS,

Mundare, Alberta,

or see your parish priest.

SOCIAL WHIRL

PROVINCIAL NOTES (ALBERTA)

It may be later than you think, but definitely not too late. Such are our convictions here in this newly-constructed office of the Provincial Executive of Alberta. Alas, our Youth magazine is on the road to recovery, and the somewhat pessimistic views at our annual Convention last fall, may slowly be discarded.

The following observations indicate that a more healthy atmosphere surrounds our official magazine: Paid subscriptions are being brought up to date, leaving the "arrears list" amazingly shortened.

Steps have been taken to obtain regular funds from ads. submitted by reliable firms, businessmen and professionals. Watch for full particulars and examples in our June edition. Also, certain printing costs have been eliminated, details of which may be discussed on May 20th, upon presentation of the treasurer's report.

The Youth Annual Draw is in full swing and the response already looks promising. All locals are urged to send the stubs as early as possible. If necessary, you may bring them along in person on May 20th. Incidentally, all members, besides representatives, are invited to attend this week-end of pleasant and constructive activity. Com-

plete program may be seen elsewhere in this issue.

Some donations are coming in from kind individuals. At this point, I wish to comment on the resolution passed by Alberta Locals at the last Convention, in which they pledged themselves to hold some function in order to raise funds to offset the old debt. Some locals have lived up to this pledge quite promptly. Others will kindly re-read the resolution published last fall, and then read the letter written by the U. C. Y. of Daysland, and published in the last issue. I have already been instructed as treasurer of the Fund Committee, to prepare a "bill" to send out to each local which is subject to a fine. But here's a friendly tip: These bills will not be mailed until May 20th.

The U. C. Y. of Daysland are to be congratulated upon submitting such an effective, common-sense letter. In my opinion, it provides food for thought to every U. C. Y. member, and especially to all members of the Local, Provincial and Dominion Executives.

Permit me to close this informal article by further referring to the above-mentioned letter. The Daysland Local has grasped thoroughly the responsibilities involved in belonging to a large organization, and finds

it comparatively easy to belong to it. Let's all get into a similar position.

Regarding their question of who is to be responsible for the "Youth," kindly consider the Alberta Provincial Executive only as a temporary helping body responding to the wishes of all our Locals, in this struggle against debts. We are not in a position to reply on behalf of any other Executives. Our only hope is that all Provinces will join us in these efforts, by arranging similar annual functions, and thus sharing the responsibility.

In conclusion, please rest assured that a separate set of books (including Bank Book), is being kept with respect to membership fees and other Provincial funds. These funds will only be used in the manner provided for in our Constitution.

We're looking forward to seeing you on May 20th; so come on in, lent's over.

PETER KOZIAK,
Treasurer U. C. Y. of Alberta.

DAYSLAND HIGHLIGHTS



The above illustrates our Smiling Quartette of Daysland, Alberta, consisting of Olga Harmider, Marie Makarowski, Nellie Harmider and Rose Makarowski. These four are not only smiling girls, but they are famous singing girls. This is the opinion of the radio and of the public in general. Their blending voices and smiling faces gained them so much popularity that Daysland is

worried about this famous quartette. They won the first prize at the Daysland Search for Talent Show, then were called to sing over the radio in Edmonton, and who knows what's next?

We, the residents of Daysland, wish them luck and success, but by all means beg the Smiling Four not to sign a contract with any Film Producing Company, because they are liable to land in Hollywood.

Your favorite song "Whispering Hope" in Ukrainian, is really whispered well and loud. Congratulations to all of you! We are proud to announce your success on the stage. Keep smiling, and keep singing as you smile.

Daysland U. C. Y. Pals.

LENTEN RETREATS Mundare, Alberta

The U. C. Y. of Mundare took part in its annual Easter Retreats during the third week of March. Under the spiritual guidance of Father Katriy O.S.B.M., the Open Retreats, which were held in the evenings, proved to be very interesting to all members.

On Sunday, arch 19th, Communion Breakfast was once again prepared by the U. C. W. L. with more than one hundred people in attendance. Our guest speaker was Fr. J. Skwarok, O.S.B.M., who gave a very interesting speech (humorous as well) on his trip to Rome. Other speakers were Father Katriy, O.S.B.M., Father Vital O.S.B.M., our spiritual director, and the Mayor, Mr. M. Tomy.

As a token of the U. C. Y., Father Katriy, O.S.B.M., was presented with a beautiful Rosary.

ED. BILYK.
Press Correspondent.

BONNYVILLE U. C. Y.

March 19th, 1950, was the first meeting to be held by the newly organized U. C. Y. Club of Bonnyville, Alta. The Executive is as follows:

President: Steve Grotski
Vice-President: John Shostak
Secretary: Olga Shostak
Treasurer: Francis Strymecki
Fifth Member: Lawrence Sharun
Controllers: Marvin Chykawski and Mike Strymecki.

Although this was the first meeting held, other activities were planned before. One such activity was a dance held at the Bonnyville Parish Hall. Our income was \$23.25.

At the meeting it was planned that members attend Confession, Communion and the Communion Breakfast in a body.

The U. C. Y. of Bonnyville is making a donation of \$15.00 to the "Youth."

S. G.

SOO VISITS SUDBURY

Youth Club from Sault Ste. Marie paid a friendly visit to Sudbury, on the 5th of March. That was for the occasion of Sudbury's Third Annual Communion Breakfast.

The happy Soo gang got the idea when Rev. Father R. Bialecky, parish priest from St. Mary's church in Soo, was asked to be our guest speaker at the Communion Breakfast.

It was a rough and cold trip. But the six brave boys not only came over with their own car, but brought Father Bialecky with them. The boys were: Richard Wischozen, Johnny Pshenychny, Eddie Opoliuhuk, Walter Takasuk, Harry Polowy and Michael Steichuk, the president.

That was the first such visit between the two Northern Clubs, which are one hundred and ninety miles apart. It is hoped we will be able to pay week-end visits more often, in spite of the long distance.

I heard that Soo Club is getting along very good with Father Bialecky as their spiritual director. At present they are very busy working on their "Talent Show of 1950." Best of luck, Soo!

Communion Breakfasts in Sudbury are getting more popular every year. Over 90 of the youth from Sudbury, Coniston and the six boys from Soo, received Holy Communion, then went downstairs to enjoy a delicious breakfast prepared by the Ladies' League.

The breakfast table was covered with white cloth and decorated with colored napkins and souvenir programs all of different color.

Master of Ceremonies for the morning, Metro Lukey, asked his sister Nattie for introductory remarks on behalf of the Club. Both Metro and Nattie come from Grandview, Manitoba, and are very active members in Sudbury.

Two vocalists entertained the group with solo selections. Stella Bachorski, pride of Coniston, sang "Bless This Home." And our own pride and joy, and third time trophy winner at the Sudbury Music Festival, Betty Tarkin, sang a perfect selection of "Panis Angelicus." Father Bialecky gave a very interesting talk on, "Why should Youth go to Holy Communion often."

In the evening, the Youth set out four long tables and covered them with crepe paper. A different color for every quarter of each table. In addition to the colored tables, sandwiches were made of different colored bread, which turned out to be a life-saver after the hall was filled to capacity. A lot of the guests were superstitious and dared not eat more than one sandwich, leaving enough to go around.

While seated at the tables sipping coffee, the guests were entertained with a different kind of a program. The Youth brought

out top Sudbury artists, including Archie Canapini and his string band; Sudbury Barber Shop Quartet; and our own Western Duet, Helen and Nattie Lukey with a guitar, who kept the guests laughing with their version of "You can't go to Heaven."

During the conference, Father Bialecky spoke on the subject: "Why all Ukrainians must belong to a Catholic Church." "Church is the back-bone of Ukrainian people," the speaker stated. "Anyone calling himself a Ukrainian but does not go and support the Catholic Church, I do not want to know him," he exclaimed. "They are the ones who not only don't go to church themselves, but mislead others. They spend money at shows, dances and hotels. If they do come to church once a year and put a dime on the collection plate, they cry the rest of the year that the church is a money proposition," Father concluded amid laughter from those present.

Before leaving for the long trip, Father Bialecky and the boys were entertained by the boys from Sudbury U. C. Y. at "Cassio's," our "Sub-Club" for the official farewell party.

It was a very nice inter-club meeting and of great benefit. It would be a splendid idea if other clubs which are closer together, would visit each other more often.

Myros Kmita.

* * * *

ВАНКУВЕР, Б. К.

Приготування до Воскресення — Великий піст

Українське Католицьке Юнацтво в Ванкувері знає, що це таке "Великий піст" і його вірно захоче. Наші члени ще перед постом поробили різні постанови якесь надобовязкове добре діло зробити, що вимагає самозаперття - жертви. Одні перестали курити, пити, грати в карти, бити кулі в пудрумах, тощо. Другі відмовили собі смачніших страв; як: бараболя, мясо, цибуля, часник, цукорки, хрін, а деякі навіть в часі посту гуми не жували. Ще інші перестали ходити: на шови до театрів, до сусідів на вечериці, на прогулку до Стенлія парку, а навіть на пробі співу. А всі цього року виріклися сонця, тому певно сонце майже не показувалося через цілий піст. Часом показалося, але всі здивованно зачали зглядатись і зо встиду мусіло ховатись знову за хмари. Всі члени У.К.Ю. в цілий Канаді мали нагоду збільшити свої заслуги перед Богом, а У.К.Ю. в Ванкувері так зробило.

Спільна сповідь і св. Причастя. — Це найкраще, найбільш похвальне, будуюче й заслугоюче діло, що його зробили всі члени У.К.Ю. в Ванкувері. Службу Божу відправив і відповідну проповідь виголосив о. С. Курило, ЧСВВ. з Едмонтону. Чудовий образ: вся молодь з чистим серцем,

весела й побожна на колінах говорить: "Вірю Господи." Радів з того приводу о. Парох, раділи зо слезами радості батьки, раділа невисказанно й сама молодь. Кожний відділ У. К. Ю. повинен часто користати з джерела всякої радості, що ним є Христос.

Спільне снідання. — Після Служби Божої вся молодь зібралась в церковній салі й засіли разом до старанно приготованих столів, а добрі мами служили смачним сніданням. При кінці снідання голова нашого відділу У. К. Ю., М. Пукиш, привітав всіх присутніх, заохотив до співпраці й дякував мамам за приготування снідання. Рівнож покликав бесідника-гостя о. С. Курилу, ЧСБВ. В своїй промові о. бесідник пояснив великі завдання У. К. Ю. і заохотив до завзятої праці в рядах У. К. Ю., щоб у Ванкувері наша молодь виховувалась на дійсно практикуючих католиків, свідомих українців й добрих горожан Канади. Всі присутні незвичайно захопились промовою й гучними оплесками, та устами свого голови М. Пукиша висказали велику вдячність і запал та велику охоту до праці.

Великий день у Ванкувері. — Чудовий день. Соняшно, тепленько, погідно й весело. Воскресення Христове в повнім значенні слова. Вірні заповнили Божий храм. Обхід зо св. Тайнами в церкві, резурекція при дверях церкви, утрєння, Служба Божа. Христос Воскрес! Воскрес Ісус от гроба.!

Велич, краси й святочної радості додав наш хор У. К. Ю. під проводом славного диригента Впр. о. Б. Слободи, ЧСБВ., бувшого диригента українського католицького хору в Винніперу. Торжественну Службу Божу правив о. С. Курило, ЧСБВ., а ніжно й мьлодійно відспівував хор У. К. Ю. Христос Воскрес! Сльози радості покотились, навіть тим, що занедбались духово й віддались від Бога, церкви й народу свого.

Великий день — тому то ми приготувались до нього через цілий Великий Піст. Тому ми воскресли на душі через св. сповідь. Тому ми радо вчашали на проби співу.

Тепер ми в душі відчули світлу побіду Христа через Своє Воскресення.

Воскрес Христос, воскресла правда, яка одинока запровадить нас до нашого світлого Воскресення в послідний день. Але за правду треба боротись, правду треба боронити, після правди треба жити й за правду мусимо бути готові навіть життя віддати. Це засада У. К. Ю. — вибранців з української католицької молоді.

Дорога українська Молоде! Вставай зо сну! Пробудись до воскресення праці в рядах У. К. Ю. Всі ставаймо під один прапор, під юнацький прапор в цілій Канаді, в кожній провінції, в кожній парохії, бо в єдності сила.

NAMES AND NAMES

In Toronto a divorce was granted to Loveless from Loveless.

In Baltimore, a Snow Shoe (Pa.) boy married a Drifting (Pa.) girl.

The ladies of a society for helping Service Men in Alaska, received an expression of thanks from Lieut. Jack Frost, fresh from the Aleutians.

In California Miss Lois Hand married Mr. George Foot.

In California a Mrs. Chick sold her house to a Mrs. Crane, and bought a new one through a realtor named Mrs. Gosling.

In Ottawa, Hume Wright, in the Department of External Affairs, reported to his cousin, Under-Secretary Hume Wrong.

In Pearl Harbor there was a Navy Yard supervisor of refrigeration named Jack Frost, Jr.

In the U. S. A. a certain landlord Perfect Peace ejected a tenant John Dove, for non-payment of rent.

A newly enlisted in the U. S. Navy, Sandy Bottom, was blessed by his father Rocky.

In Columbus, O. M. Combs married M. Curl.

In Bronte, Ont., Dr. W. Deadman announced he had conducted over 7,000 autopsies.

LAUGH WITH US

Being alone with her boy friend, Alice constantly looked into a mirror. Noticing this he asked her: "Alice, why are you always looking into that mirror?"

"Well," said Alice, "Mother told me to watch myself when I'm with you."

* * * * *

Teacher: "This essay on "Our Dog" is word for word the same as your brother's."

Student: "Yes, sir. It's the same dog."

* * * * *

In the old days a man who had any money left, after taxes, was a miser. Now, he's a wonder.

* * * * *

After Sunday Mass, a woman stayed to chat with a friend, leaving her purse in the pew. When she returned, her purse was missing, but she soon discovered it in the hands of the priest himself.

"I thought I had better hold it," said the priest. "Remember there are some in this congregation so simple that they might consider it an answer to their prayer."

* * * * *

A Hollywood doctor got an urgent call from a producer whose small son had swallowed a fountain pen.

"I'll come right away," said the doctor, and added: "What are you doing in the meantime?"

Using a pencil," said the producer.

A EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS

OF UKRAINIAN CATHOLICS IN CANADA

will be held in Winnipeg, Manitoba

JUNE 31st, JULY 1st and 2nd.

All Ukrainian Catholic Organizations will take part.

The Congress is sponsored by the Ukrainian Catholic Council.

Смерть, але не гріхи

“Смерть, але не гріхи” це програма життя і святости нового блаженного Доменіка Савіо, якого церква, підносячи в цій Святій Ролі 1950 на вівтарі постаті святих, поставила і його, як примір сьгоднішній молоді. Можемо певно сказати, що малий Доменіко освячує в собі новий тип сьгоднішнього, модерного молодця, який стремить до святости. Він щасливий, що мав у своєму короткому житті, але в якому багато пережив, учителя і духовного провідника, якого ще 1934 р. церква вписала між святих, а саме св. Дон Боска. Доменіко це святий в “штанах”, як його популярно називають, саме через те він був, є і буде дуже люблений серед нинішньої молоді. Не є він ні монахом, ні священником, а навіть не питаєм; значить не належить до кляси вибранців, які є посередниками між Богом і людьми, але простеньким хлопчиною, з бідної селянської родини, який заведи прожив 15 років без 24 днів.

Батько Карло Савіо-рільник, який маючи мало землі покидає звання рільника і перекидається на коваля, щоб молотом кувати свою долю, та долю своєї на скрізь праведної родини. Він неписьменний, це зазначено на шлюбному документі, але опісля сам навчився писати. Рівнож неписьменна мати, Бригіда Гасто, кравчиня. Родичі були приміром у побожності та у провадженні на християнських засадах своєї родини.

Серед таких обставин у малій місцевості Ріва недалеко Торіно в північній Італії, прийшов на світ дня 2-го квітня 1842 р. маленький Доменіко, цього ж самого дня був хрищений і одержав два імена: Доменіко і Йосип. Коли Доменіко мав два роки, родичі перенесли до нової місцевості Мурьяльдо. Тут маленький хлопчина ріс на полі цюй самої природи на якій виріс великий та святий Дон Баско. Наділений вже з природи серцем здатним виключно до молитви з великою легкістю та ревністю відмовляв ранні та вечірні молитви, просячи не тільки

за себе, але й за своїх родичів. Він нетерпеливо очікував щасливої години, коли то ціла родина сходилася на спільну молитву.

Вже від діточих літ він добре розумів тяжке положення свого батька та щоб улегчити йому ці тяжкі дні праці, він, коли батько вертав з праці, прибігав до нього, обнімав за шию зі словами: “Дорогенький тату, як дуже ви змучені! — Ви так багато працюєте для мене, а я недобрий, роблю лише вам прикросі; але молю Господа, щоб дав вам здоровля, а мене зробив добрим.”

Маючи заведи пять років вже навчився служити до св. Літургії. Кожного дня, не звертаючи уваги на погоду, в цій самій годині з великою точністю прибігав під церкву і клячучи на порозі очікував приходу священника, щоб з ним увійти в Божий Дім. Доменіко був ще дуже маленький і не міг досягнути руками, щоб перенести служебник з одної сторони престолу на другу. Це було гарно — пише священник, якому Доменіко служив — дивитися на маленького хлопчину, з лицем повним святости та очима повними сліз, як він поволі неначе б зі страхом зближався до престолу, ставав на пальці як найвище міг, підносив ручки догори та мимо всього не міг досягнути служебника. Тоді, якщо священник бажав зробити найдорожче діло на землі, то це не переносив сам служебника, лише присував його так близько, щоб малий Доменіко міг його досягнути. Тоді з великою радістю переносив на другу сторону.

Ціле його життя це неначе служба при вівтарі, це ставання на пальці ніг з піднесеними руками до неба з найбільшим зусиллям, яке тільки міг дати. А св. Дон Боско, це той, що присував до нього служебник і наводив його на дорогу щастя, хоча крізь терня, яке веде до небес.

Маючи сім років вже знав напам'ять цілий малий катехизм та палав великою любов'ю до св. Евхаристії. В тому часі був

Danilak Martin
Holden, Alta.

звичай, що дозволювано малим дітям причащатися щодня маючи 11 або 12 років. Для Доменіка це було задовго очікувати. Парох, порадившись з іншими священниками, рішив, що Доменіко приступить до св. Причастя у день Христового Воскресіння 1849 року, маючи сім років. Св. Дон Боско про цей пам'ятний день оповідає, що Доменіко вже досвіта стояв у церкви. Богослуження в міжчасі якого Доменіко сповідався і причащався, тривало п'ять годин, але він перший прийшов і останній вийшов з церкви.

Перше св. Причастя молодця не тільки, що є печаттю життя доброго, але повинно бути початком та ознакою життя кращого, досконалішого. Саме малий Доменіко бажав зробити своє життя ще кращим і святішим, тому з цього дня мав до сьогодні маленьку карточку, яку Доменіко завжди держав у своїм молитовнику. В цій записці він написав: "Пригадки, які зробив я, Доменіко Савіо, року 1849, коли прийняв перше Найсвятіше Причастя, маючи 7 років:

1.) Буду сповідатися дуже часто і причащатися тоді-коли pozwoliть сповідник.

2.) Бажав святкувати і усвячувати дні святочні."

3.) Мої приятелі будуть Ісус і Марія.

4.) Смерть, але не гріхи.

Ці маленькі пригадки на які спромігся 7-літній хлопчина були його провідником, були неначе червоною ниткою через шле життя, та у всіх ділах аж до останньої хвилини життя.

Доменіко покінчивши нижчу народну школу почав мріяти про продовження науки у вищій школі, яка була віддалена 4 кіло-

метри від місцевості його мешкання. "Колиб я був пташкою, то щодня вранці і в вечір літав би до Кастельнаво і так продовжав би науку" — казав маленький Доменіко. Родичі не могли наняти мешкання, щоб він міг мешкати ближче школи, але й не могли відмовити його просьбі. Дня 21 червня, 1852 р. дістав дозвіл ходити до вищої школи. Наука відбувалася до обіду і по обіді, так що він мусів ходити чотири рази денно, що разом виносило 16 кілометрів.

Одна особа, яка в 14 год. стрінула малого Доменіка серед поля, запитала: Дорогий хлопче, чи ти не маєш страху йти сам цією дорогою? Я не є сам, зі мною все є Ангел Хоронитель, який мені товаришить на кожному мойому кроці. А чи не тяжко тобі щодня робити таку довгу дорогу? Ніщо не є тяжким, нічим є робота, коли працюєш для Пана, який дуже добре платить. Хто ж цей Пан? Ним є Бог, Сотворитель, який платить за склянку води подану з любови до Нього.

Але фізично з тяжко було ходити щодня так далеко до школи, і вже 1852 р. в осені Доменіко захворів. Тоді родичи перенеслися до іншої місцевості Мондоніо, в якій була школа.

В школі був він все першим, чи то в науці, чи у відношенню до учителів, чи до товаришів. Був випадок, що учні так провинулися, що один з виновників мав бути викинений зі школи. Вину зіснули на невинного Доменіка. Він прийняв це з покорою і очікував на кару. Але правда все покажеться. Так і тут, по кількох днях показалося, що Доменіко цілком невинний. На запит учителя чому він не боронився проти несправедливого закиду Доменіко казав, що він знав, що виновника чекала тяжка кара, а це тим більша, що цей виновник мав за собою і інші проступки, "а зрештою і самого Спасителя несправедливо осуджували."

(Докінчення в слідуючій числі)

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